ous long-range movement and there are migrations related to changing business conditions, the season, and the new patterns of enjoying life after retirement.

New cities emerge, if not overnight, then over a decade. A fascinating picture for Europeans, who are accustomed to trace the origins of their cities through centuries, often back to the time of ancient Rome or earlier! People change professions, sell their houses and buy new ones, try their hand at one occupation or industry after another. A lawyer takes a job in a fire department, a schoolteacher becomes a house painter or a taxi driver, an insurance agent takes a place on the assembly line in an automobile factory. People are mildly surprised when a champion boxer becomes a university professor or a professor doubles as a night-club entertainer or trades his academic career for that of a professional wrestler. These are extreme cases, of course, but, apart from them, the mobility of labor characteristic of the United States is unknown in Europe, where long years of apprenticeship—a heritage from the Middle Ages—discourage occupational changes. In London, five years is the normal apprenticeship for a waiter in a restaurant; in Paris, four years is the apprenticeship for making buttonholes in men's vests.

Once I went to the office of a notary public in Paris. It was in an old and delapidated building. Visitors had to walk across two tiny back yards and climb three flights of stairs not much broader than fire escapes in modern cities. An opaque glass partition separated the notary's cubicle from the reception space. Waiting in the latter, I examined the engravings on the wall. All were of the same size, in similar frames. All were licenses to perform notary duties at the court. The first two had been issued by the French kings, the third by the revolutionary government, the fourth by the Emperor, and so on. All bearers of the licenses had the same surname and address. Seven generations of notaries public had officiated in that cubicle over nearly two centuries! I am sure that the eighth of the same name still has his office there.

I remember another picture. At the Statistical Board in Berlin, I saw an old official. His desk was in the corner of a large room beside the window. He had an array of tiny flower pots with minuscule plants on the windowsill and a cage with a canary above them; an embroidered seat cover was on his swivel chair and a box of cigars and an alcohol stove for boiling water on his desk. He had spent twenty-eight years in his swivel chair at that window.

These cases are typical af the manner of life in old European countries—continuity, tradition, stability.

How strikingly different in this respect are the patterns of social relations between the United States, where mobility is so usual that it is